

Charles de Varigny's Tall Tale of Jack Purdy and the Wild Bull

Alfons L. Korn

The authentic tall tale in the American grain is almost non-existent in accounts of the Hawaiian scene during the nineteenth century. This does not mean, however, that vintage tall tales from the continental United States never reached the American frontier in Hawaii, along with almost every other form of the national export. Nor does it mean that tall tales with an American flavor were never invented on Hawaiian soil, whether by American, English, Irish, Scottish or Australian settlers with a talent for spinning yarns. In fact, there are good reasons to believe that after 1790, and increasingly down through the next century, a stream of *malihini* newcomers arrived in Hawaii—some to become settlers but others only transient visitors, such as Mark Twain—who had mastered the fine art of storytelling, or who at least could recognize a good story when they heard one.

The mere listing of the occupations of a few of the predominantly American arrivals affords a kind of panoramic view of some social types and of their geographical origins. They were not likely to be missionaries, nor yet even relatives of missionaries. They were sea-going characters dating back to the harbor-towns of late eighteenth-century New England; footloose villagers, ex-farmboys, former bargees from the region of the Erie Canal; steamboatmen and crewmen from the Ohio and Mississippi, including a Negro or two; uprooted mountain men, perhaps Canadian; impecunious gold rushers originating in New York City or Philadelphia, men of charm often, but also of questionable reputation; whole tribes of agents, bookkeepers, counter-jumpers, underwriters and desk clerks; and now and then a stray actor or an itinerant newspaperman or printer.

It is safe to assume that some of these old-timers soon discovered that the grog shops of Lahaina and Honolulu could be counted on to provide an appreciative male audience (for the tall tale is preeminently a masculine genre) with "that type of story so conspicuously associated with American creation . . . the 'long bow,' the 'large,' the 'hard,' and 'tough' story."¹ One would suppose that eventually at least some of these stories, or a relish for their

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general kind, would surely have reached the scattered plantations of Puna and the Kona Coast or the backwoods ranches of Waimea, Kohala, and Hamakua. But no matter how plausible the probability that tall tales in the American tradition were introduced into Hawaii at an early date, it is exceedingly difficult to point to a first-rate example. It is even possible that the exceptional tale that survived may not be especially typical of the myriads of unrecorded ones which have dropped out of human memory.

Fortunately at least one rare Hawaiian specimen of the tall tale exists, having survived in an excellent published source. The oral provenance of the story is Waimea, Hawaii. It tells how a certain Jack Purdy of that Island, mighty bullock hunter and expert guide, together with his employer and hunting companion, Mr. Julius Brenchley, succeeded without firearms—in fact not even equipped with their usual lassos—in capturing a ferocious wild bull and in killing the beast when he failed to extricate himself from a mud-hole; and then celebrated their victory with a deserved steak dinner fresh off the carcass. The episode appears in a little-known volume in French, published in 1874 by Hachette, Paris: *Quatorze Ans aux Iles Sandwich*.² The author was Charles-Victor Crosnier de Varigny (1829–1899), traveler, geographer, French consular official in Hawaii from 1855 to 1863, and from then until 1869 a cabinet minister of the Hawaiian Kingdom under Kamehameha V. Apart from his story of Jack Purdy, Mr. Brenchley and the bad bull of Waimea, Charles de Varigny deserves historical recognition in his own right.

His fourteen years in Hawaii began when he and his young wife first arrived from San Francisco on the *Restless*, February 19, 1855, after an exceptionally tedious voyage of twenty-three days. Almost immediately following their debarkation onto the beach by whaleboat, for Honolulu Harbor at that time had no proper quays, Charles de Varigny was offered employment as an interpreter at the French Consulate. Although his pronunciation was far from perfect, his written English was more than adequate for practical purposes at least, while for the past several years relations between the Consulate and the Hawaiian Foreign Office had been disturbed by increasing failures in communication. Within a few months after his arrival, Varigny was appointed by authority of the Quai Dorsay in Paris to the post of chancellor of the Consulate. Soon after Emile Perrin, the truculent French commissioner who knew no English, died in office in 1862, Varigny was named as his successor.

During his novitiate as interpreter Varigny had become a friend, if not quite yet the crony he would be later, of Robert Crichton Wyllie, the Hawaiian minister of foreign relations. Next to the young Alexander Liholiho himself, King Kamehameha IV, Wyllie was the mainstay of British influence in the government. It was through Wyllie's fatherly sponsorship that Varigny in 1863 was persuaded to resign from his post as French commissioner and to accept from the new king, Kamehameha V, the portfolio of minister of finance. After the death of Wyllie in 1865, Varigny succeeded the old Scotsman as minister of foreign relations. He took over this critical position as the king's first adviser during especially trying times. The whaling industry was growing slacker with each annual season; the country was sinking into a protracted

agricultural depression; American interests were agitating for a reciprocity treaty; in some business quarters of Honolulu there was revived talk of the advantages of annexation. It was well known in Hawaii that Varigny's views on Americans were far less flexible than those of his late predecessor, who had been heard to concede hypothetically that in case Hawaiian independence could no longer be preserved, he would himself favor the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. Despite his sunny nature and good manners, Varigny was unlikely to adopt so conciliatory a posture.

Finally, after three years of strenuous official duties coinciding in 1868 with a major eruption of Kilauea Crater, a genuine national disaster, Varigny returned to France. Mme de Varigny³ accompanied him, along with their children, a boy and two girls, all three born in Hawaii. He had been granted a leave of absence for health and family reasons. His old mother had died in Versailles, without having met her daughter-in-law nor set eyes on her three young grandchildren. A brother, Leopold, had also died in France. In 1868 Mme de Varigny's father, a California émigré, had been buried in San Francisco in a hilltop cemetery amid a desert of sand overlooking the Golden Gate. The Varignys of Honolulu were homesick for France. The leave had been granted with the express understanding that Varigny would conduct negotiations to repair defects in Hawaii's commercial treaties with various European countries, and in addition secure treaties for the first time with Prussia and Russia.

Unfortunately the Paris negotiations ended in dissatisfaction both in Europe and in Hawaii. Whatever was achieved on paper had little commercial value for any of the parties concerned. Varigny decided to remain in France, partly for the same personal reasons which had prompted him earlier to ask for leave. In 1869 he submitted his official resignation as minister of foreign relations to Kamehameha V, but offered to continue in Europe in the role of diplomatic envoy. However, the tensions preceding the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 created an atmosphere of crisis unfavorable to treaty negotiations between great European states and small island kingdoms of the Pacific. Furthermore, Varigny's colleagues in Honolulu, especially those of American Protestant background, were privately and publicly critical of his handling of the earlier negotiations. In the fall of 1870 Charles de Varigny was relieved of all his official duties. He accepted his dismissal with grace and good will. In fact, the end of the cabinet politician and unsuccessful statesman marked the emergence of the publicist and author. During the 1880s and 1890s he became recognized in France as a leading journalistic authority on *fin de siècle* Oceania. Throughout the remainder of his long active career, particularly in his contributions to *Le Temps* and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, as well as in his several published volumes, Varigny never ceased as a private citizen to serve Hawaii as a friend.

I love this land where will and my destiny led me, this people who are so hungry to become civilized, so unsuspectingly confident in their attempts at assimilation, and who so timidly petition the Great Powers for the right to live under their own kings and chiefs and to join the family of nations. I sympathize with their desires. I believe they can and will be achieved. In my own modest measure I shall be happy to contribute to the fulfillment of their hopes. But I do not see at all clearly how it may fall to my lot to do so. Quite the contrary. I see only too vividly the opposing obstacles, which the

ambition of the United States, the indifference of France, and the jealousy of England place in the way of Hawaiian aspirations. It will take years, many years, and above all it will require radical political changes to achieve what the Hawaiians seek. So . . . I await that time which I probably shall not see.⁴

Charles de Varigny's absorbing book on Hawaii is a composite of autobiography, travel narrative, and capsulated history of pagan times dating back to the visit of Captain Cook and the conquests of Kamehameha the Great. The central and later chapters contain an account of the long period of transition under Kamehameha III, when missionary influence rose to its height, followed by the subsequent period of almost two decades under Kamehameha IV and Kamehameha V when British influence was in the ascendant and when for a while Varigny himself served as a leading member of the government. Among the most entertaining non-political portions of the volume are certain interspersed chapters purporting to be familiar letters written to an old chum ("*mon cher ami*") in which Varigny relates his experiences as a tourist on outlying islands, especially on Hawaii and Kauai. The adventures of Jack Purdy and his friendly rival, Mr. Brenchley, and their successful attempt to capture a wild bullock, appear midway in the breezy sixth chapter describing a panoramic ramble through some of the most spectacular scenes and legendary sites of the Big Island.

Although on occasion Varigny mentions traditional Hawaiian chants in general terms, and even provides in French prose two supposed examples of native Hawaiian folktales, his story of Jack Purdy and Brenchley is the only indication of Varigny's interest in American-style tall tales. What is truly regrettable is that more representatives of the genre were never contemporaneously noted or transcribed and published in the hospitable Hawaiian newspapers, with their countless repetitive fillers and pilferings from *Household Words*, the *New York Evangelist*, and *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. If we dare to accept Varigny's words at face value we must assume that Jack Purdy, who certainly did once exist, was the actual begetter of his tale, at least in its local oral form; and also that something like his encounter with the enraged bull in the approximate shadow of Mauna Kea may well have been a historic occurrence of the early 1850s.⁵ Nevertheless, in its published and distinctly literary version as revamped by Varigny, it was the Frenchman's art which supplied the episode with its amusing lyrical and narrative frame. Above all it was the genius of the French language combined with Varigny's own gift for the telling image which conveyed with such economy a sense of the beautiful Hawaiian wilderness, and then shifted the scene of immediate action to the incongruous mudhole incident: as if the absurd triumph of the two bucolic heroes over the poor pestered bull had been celebrated against the lingering background of the sublime mountain.

Finally, what is perhaps the single most Gallic feature of the story as Varigny relays it is the characterization of the humorous huntsmen and the good sense with which they ritualize their rivalry, conducting their comradely taunts and monosyllabic aggressions from behind a mask of polite manners and chivalrous restraint. This was a spirit very different from the loud boasts and brags of

many American tall tales. More specifically, there is nothing here conceived in the vein of the grotesque "ring-tailed roarers," as when Deuteronomy Dutiful in C. A. Logan's *Vermont Wool Dealer* (1840), crows, "I'll whip the hull boodle of you alone. Make me mad, and I'll lick a thunderstorm!"; or when Hiram Dodge in Morris Burnett's *The Yankee Peddler* roars out a Crockett almanac brag: "I'll swallow one of your niggers hull, if you'll grease his head and pin his ears back."⁶

We are not likely to forget for long, as we read of Purdy's and Brenchley's comparatively sedate exploit, that Charles de Varigny, descendant of one of the personal guards of Marie Antoinette, was not trying to compete with the stridencies of the Yankee comic almanacs. After all, he knew best the studied folkways of his own Paris, the manners and modes of the Boulevard St Germain and the Rue de Rivoli; and recently he had observed, with considerable sympathy, the increasingly Europeanized graces of the court of the Kamehamehas. He knew what tone and style would serve him best for entertaining his French audience. However, there can be no doubt that he had also looked long, hard, and critically at the American frontier scene in its westernmost and sometimes rudest Pacific reaches. For three years, from 1852 to 1855, during the early years of his marriage, Charles de Varigny had served as editor of a French-language newspaper in San Francisco, *l'Echo du Pacifique*. Surely this attentive young émigré from the old world, who won an irreplaceable part of his journalistic baccalaureate in the new, remembered well the hours of tall talk he had heard in the smoky steak-houses *à la française* of Camp Sutter, Benicia, San Francisco, and Honolulu.

THE TALE⁷

Island of Hawaii

18 November 1857

Our friend Taine⁸ in his account of his travels through the Pyrenees has described wonderfully that powerful spell, an attraction in some measure physical, exerted on us by the propinquity of a high mountain. I have yielded to that spell and, indeed, both of us giving way to its irresistible dominion, Von Holt⁹ and I have decided to climb Mauna Kea. For eight days we have been scouring the slopes, for eight days we have gazed in wonderment up at that curving dome with its summit of bedazzling white. Snow awakens in us delicious sensations of coolness: how good it can be to feel cold! Thus reason denizens of the tropics (my very dear old friend) envious of what they lack, but strongly appreciative of what they already have. Now having once decided to make the ascent, we are beating about the countryside in order to organize our means of execution. First of all there is the problem of a guide; second, the horses. The Kanakas we have questioned urge us to talk to Jack Purdy.¹⁰

Jack Purdy is a curious specimen of the kind of life some people lead in these Hawaiian Islands. He has been settled in this country twenty-three

years. He camps rather than lodges in a huge house situated in the very middle of a plain. Not a tree, not a spot of shade, not a flower¹¹ inside Jack Purdy's dusty corral, trampled constantly by twenty horses as little civilized as their master. He is English by origin, in age about forty-five. He sailed from Liverpool as a cabin-boy at ten. He was a twenty-year-old sailor when a shipwreck washed him ashore on Hawaii. There he has stayed.

Jack is the best rider in the Islands, the most fearless hunter of wild bullocks, the man who knows best the forest trails and the mountain passes. A tireless hiker, he covers enormous distances without batting an eye. Thanks to his rifle and hatchet, he is always sure to find nourishment and shelter even in the woods. He is usually escorted by four great dogs wearing gruff expressions, well broken in to this style of life, and attesting by their numerous scars their bellicose dispositions. Jack is not alone in this kind of existence. There are many others like him who hire out their rifles and their stout arms to large-scale ranchers, who purchase government franchises for permission to exploit the wild cattle. Tourists also sometimes hire them to serve as guides. But in sheer daring no one surpasses Jack Purdy. When he has nothing better to do Jack will get a bit tipsy, when he is not comfortably paralyzed; it is his way of relaxing.

Only on one occasion, when he met a worthy rival, has Jack ever seen his laurels in danger of wilting. The rival was also a compatriot. Mr. Brenchley,¹² an English gentleman of herculean strength, with enough courage for any dangerous feat, was a tireless traveler, an inveterate vagabond, whose exploits match those of a picaresque hero. He was one of the first persons to cover on foot the American continent from Saint Louis in Missouri to British Columbia. He eventually arrived in the Hawaiian Archipelago. There he found the beauty of the scenery so seductive that he spent several years in Hawaii, devoting his stay to the study of the native language and familiarizing himself with the manners and customs of the Kanakas. He visited the Islands in every village and district. He was as good a sailor as he was a skilled horseman and a first-rate walker. By choice he traveled by the oldest schooners, the worst roads, the wildest horses. He finally reached the Island of Hawaii, preceded by a reputation honestly acquired, adored by the natives among whom he dispensed the income of a sizable fortune. Reports he had heard about Jack Purdy suggested to him the notion of asking Jack to be his guide. The result was a running battle extending over several months, a continuous contest in audacity, in which neither the one nor the other came out the final victor.

At last Purdy proposed to his companion to spend several days and nights on the yonder side of Mauna Kea. However, they were not to take with them any other supplies, such as they normally would require, besides their rifles and their blankets. The proposition was at once ratified and our two rivals set forth along the road toward Mauna Kea. On the first night they camped at snowline. Then they crossed the mountain and continued in the direction of Mauna Loa. The wild duck, the goose and the plover provided their food supply; but whether as a result of some stroke of malice or perhaps just a

failure in foresight, they soon reached the end of their powder. Worse still, they were without lassos and so would their horses have lacked lassos—if only they had taken their horses. Jack was not dismayed. When Mr. Branchley asked him how they would manage to eat, he answered that by a forced march they could reach a spot where wild bulls abounded and where he, Jack, was quite accustomed to finding an excellent dinner.

It never occurred to Mr. Branchley to demur; his *amour propre* and curiosity had been whetted. After tramping more than twenty miles they came upon a stretch of very marshy swampland. They bravely entered the treacherous terrain, sinking down in the muck at each step up to their knees.

"The road's poor," Mr. Branchley observed pertinently.

"Poor?" replied Purdy. "There are worse ones."

"Where are your wild bulls?"

"There, in the woods."

"And how shall we attack them?"

"There are any number of ways," said Purdy, "you'll see. Don't worry. I shall turn the bull over to you when he can no longer defend himself—the rest will be your problem."

"So be it," said Mr. Branchley. Purdy headed for the dense thicket and disappeared into the trees.

Only a few moments later the familiar sound of breaking branches and trampling feet warned Mr. Branchley that a wild bull was approaching straight in his direction. Suddenly a magnificent animal with eyes blazing and tail stiff as a ramrod emerged from the brake at a distance about fifty paces away, where he attempted by a single leap to cross the muddy trail where Mr. Branchley was standing well submerged in the mire. But the plunge failed to reach the opposite side and the bull fell into the bog, just at the point where it was deepest and thickest. After several ineffective efforts to free himself, the bull remained a complete prisoner.

"So there's our dinner," said Purdy, when he reappeared a few moments later. "All we need to do is to kill the creature and slice off the piece of our choice."

"But," said Mr. Branchley, "if the bull is so preoccupied in the mudhole that he can't pull even himself out, how do you expect one of us to get to him and back?"

"Why I thought you had the courage and dash for that," said Mr. Purdy, with a triumphant smile and the superior accent of the expert. Then he gathered two bundles of marsh rushes, knotted them tightly together, threw one bundle in front of him into the mire, mounted it as if on horseback, pushed the second bundle directly in front of him, and then hitching himself along from the first to the second, did exactly the same with the first, until he reached the waiting bull, which he thereupon killed with a single thrust of his hunting knife. After removing a slice of meat from the bull, he made his way back across the mudhole, washed his hands, lighted a fire, tossed the

bloody trophy down upon the stones that rimmed his fire-pit, and dined with his comrade. The next day Mr. Brenchley set off alone on the return trip to Hilo and caught the earliest schooner for Honolulu.

Such was the tale, notably unadorned, which Purdy shared with von Holt and me on the night before our departure, tossing down his throat slug after slug of small glasses of gin, which seemed to have no other effect than to give him courage to lay aside his normal taciturnity. We had arranged terms with him, settling on 250 francs plus a tip (left up to our generosity). He provided us with two sturdy horses and placed himself at our disposal for three days.

The next morning, as dawn was breaking, the three of us left for Kalaieha, situated between Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. From that approach the ascent of the mountain presented less difficulty. Jack's horses were fresh, the plain was level, the pleasure of our frequent gallops indescribable. The cloudless sky and clear transparent atmosphere made objects appear so close that our undertaking seemed a simple excursion for a party of children. We continued in this way for about fifteen miles. Then we called a halt in a cluster of pandanus trees to rest our mounts and eat our lunches. The view was superb. The road, or to speak more accurately, the direction we were traveling, spiraled along the sloping sides of the mountain, hovering at an elevation about 2,000 meters above the sea. On our right the long rolling landscape slanted steadily downward to the shoreline; on our left dusky Mauna Kea; before us, at the horizon, the massive form of Mauna Hualalai; and circling all around us like a glassy azure ring, a sea of a blue so intense that each feature, each detail, defined itself with preternatural clarity—the headlands, the coves, the cliffs. A day of perfection—and how we made the most of it!

NOTES

¹ Richard M. Dorson, *Jonathan Draws the Long Bow* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1946), 102.

² It was Varigny's first book; in 1875 it appeared in an Italian translation, *Quattordici Anni alle Isole Sandwich* (Milan: Fratelli Treves). The present article is based on material I have gathered in preparing a complete English translation of the French edition, with notes and an introduction.

³ Mlle Louise Constantin (b. 1827, Avignon) and Charles de Varigny were married in San Francisco Aug. 14, 1852. They had met in 1851 in the wake of the gold rush, aboard a sailing vessel bringing parties of French immigrants to San Francisco by way of Cape Horn.

⁴ *Quatorze Ans aux Iles Sandwich*, 133; the quotation and "The Tale" to follow are from my translation.

⁵ Several early documents supplemented by continuing oral tradition indicate that the entire Waimea region during the 1840s and 1850s, and especially the ranching

enterprises of John Palmer Parker, George S. Kenway, and Frank Spencer, were centers for convivial entertainments where much local folklore was exchanged. This took the form of gossip, local anecdotes (some about the arrival in 1820 of the earliest missionaries), historical reminiscences of native life and the heroic battles of Kamehameha the Great (including older traditional Hawaiian chants and legends), along with countless stories of adventures with the wild cattle of the vicinity, descendants of the animals left on Hawaii during the early 1790s by Capt. George Vancouver. It has been estimated that in the 1840s the wild cattle of Waimea numbered more than 10,000. George Kenway, English neighbor of Parker, Spencer and Purdy, lamented in 1848 that "Already the old race of Bullock catchers (a most useless set in other respects) is becoming extinct. . . . The tales one hears of hairbreadth escapes, desperate [sic] adventures, and fatal accidents which have rendered Mauna Kea famous, might put tiger hunting to blush and make capturing wild elephants seem a small thing. Strange, that such an exacting occupation should affect its professional followers with an opposite proportion of laziness in any other pursuit but it does and perhaps (with an exception or two) there cannot be found a more slothful set of people than the old bullock hunters of Waimea." [George S. Kenway to R. C. Wyllie, Esq., Waimea, Hawaii, 23 July 1848; AH.] I am very grateful to David Forbes of Honolulu for guiding me to some useful documentary sources on early life in Waimea.

⁶ The quotations from Logan and Burnett are found in Richard M. Dorson, *American Folklore* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1959), 66.

⁷ Heading supplied. *Quatorze Ans aux Iles Sandwich*, 120-124.

⁸ Hippolyte Taine (1828-1893), the French philosopher, historian, and man of letters.

⁹ Varigny's companion was Hermann von Holt (1830-1867), a young Hanoverian merchant, who arrived in Hawaii in 1852 and became a business partner of another German settler, Theodore C. Heuck. In 1856, when Varigny was serving as chancellor of the French Consulate, Hermann von Holt was appointed Consul for Hanover, a post he filled until his early death. His friends of the consular corps admired him for his kindness and "uniform urbanity." He had conducted Varigny on an earlier tour of Oahu, and his welcome of the French newcomer to the Islands helped to cement their friendship.

¹⁰ Varigny's general account of Purdy's character and way of life is sound, but some of his details may be erroneous. A Waimea death-record (AH) lists him as having died June 22, 1886, at the age of 86. He is described in the same record as of English or "perhaps Irish" origin. Local tradition insists that before his arrival in Hawaii he had little knowledge of horseflesh. Nothing has been recorded concerning the supposed shipwreck. It has been suggested that Purdy like some other early settlers had jumped ship before hitting for the hinterland and the hills. He was employed at various times as a cattlehand, bullock hunter and guide by John Palmer Parker (b. 1790, Newton, Mass.; d. Waimea, 1864), of Waimea, Hawaii, the earliest white man to settle permanently in the Waimea plain. As *konohiki* (agent) of Kamehameha I, Palmer was charged with supplying the King with certain sorts of garden produce, but chiefly beef, tallow and hides, to be used for the royal barter with foreign vessels during the period of the sandalwood trade. Gradually Parker added new hands to his crews, including Mexican and Chilean-Indian *vaqueros*, while steadily increasing his land holdings. Over the years he developed his grazing activities into the vast enterprise (numbering today over 200,000 acres) known as the Parker Ranch, still owned by descendants. Soon after his arrival at Waimea, Jack Purdy married Fanny Davis, the part-Hawaiian daughter of the chiefess Kuahine Haa. The house Purdy built stood within a level clearing at a spot called Puukapu, along the trail leading to the more upland forest-girdled house of John Parker at Mana, at the base of Mauna

Kea. In ancient Hawaiian times, before the trees had been ravaged by the wild cattle or felled to be sold as timber, the entire surrounding plain had been covered with koa and ohia trees and was known as Alaohia ("Fragrance-of-the-ohia"). It is interesting to learn that at least one of Jack Purdy's descendants practiced the ancestral profession with signal success. In 1908 Ikua Purdy (1864-1945), a grandson of Jack Purdy, won the world's championship for roping and tying steers at the international roundup at Cheyenne, Wyoming; it is claimed that his record was still unbroken at the time of Ikua Purdy's death in 1945. During his later years Ikua Purdy was a ranch foreman at the historic Ulupalakua Ranch, Island of Maui.

¹¹ In later times the spot probably was not quite so barren. Oral tradition of the 20th century reports that Jack Purdy introduced the pansy to Waimea, where it once luxuriated at the Purdy home. *Pua po'o-kanaka* ("The flower-that-looks-like-a-man") eventually became the favorite of Waimea cowboys, who wore entire leis of pansies strung round their flopping *vaquero* hats. For some of my details about Jack Purdy and his descendants, I am much indebted to a series of Clarice B. Taylor's "Little Tales About Hawaii," HSB, May 24, 25, 26, 29, 30, 1950.

¹² Julius Lucius Brenchley (b. 1816, Maidstone, Eng.; d. Maidstone, 1873), British traveler, author, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. As Varigny suggests, Brenchley's passion for exotic travel qualifies him as one of the roving Victorian eccentrics. A graduate of Cambridge University (M.A., 1843), he first took holy orders in the Church of England and held several curacies until 1847. His wealthy father's death in that year freed him to indulge his wanderlust, and he spent the next twenty years in almost constant travel. Before his arrival in the Sandwich Islands, he spent two or three years in the United States, adopting a native mode of life among several Indian tribes. His longest journey by boat and on foot took him along the Mississippi and Missouri to St. Joseph, the Rocky Mountains, the Oregon Country, Vancouver, B.C., and finally to Honolulu (1851). There he met the French naturalist and ethnologist, Jules Remy (1826-1893), Professor of Natural History, Collège Rollin, Paris, who arrived in Hawaii in 1851 on the French frigate *Algérie* as member of a two-year official French expedition to explore the geography, zoology and botany of Polynesia, especially in Hawaii. It appears that both Remy and Brenchley were in Hawaii until the fall of 1855, about three and one-half years. Little is known about Brenchley's independent adventures from 1851 to 1855, but a record of his and Remy's ascent of Mauna Loa, June 13 to June 24, 1853, was later published in France by Jules Remy: *Ascension de Mm. Brenchley et Remy au Maunaloa. Extrait du Journal de M. Jules Remy. Polynésie*. (Chalons-sur-Marne, 1892). It is possible that Varigny personally met both travelers in Hawaii early in the spring of 1855. Continuing their association, Brenchley and Remy later visited Salt Lake City (September 1855), New Mexico, portions of Central and South America, before returning to their respective homelands in 1857-1858. For Brenchley's global travels down to 1867 in the Middle East, Far East, and Central Asia, and also in New Zealand, where he helped to subjugate the rebellious Maoris, and in the South Pacific, where he added to his extensive zoological and ethnological collections, see *Dictionary of National Biography*; also his own volume based on his Pacific journals: *Jottings during the Cruise of H.M.S. Curaçoa among the South Sea Islands in 1865* (London: Longman's, Green and Co., 1873). His death on February 14, 1873, at the age of fifty-six, was noted in the European press; Varigny may have come across the announcement while writing his own reminiscences.